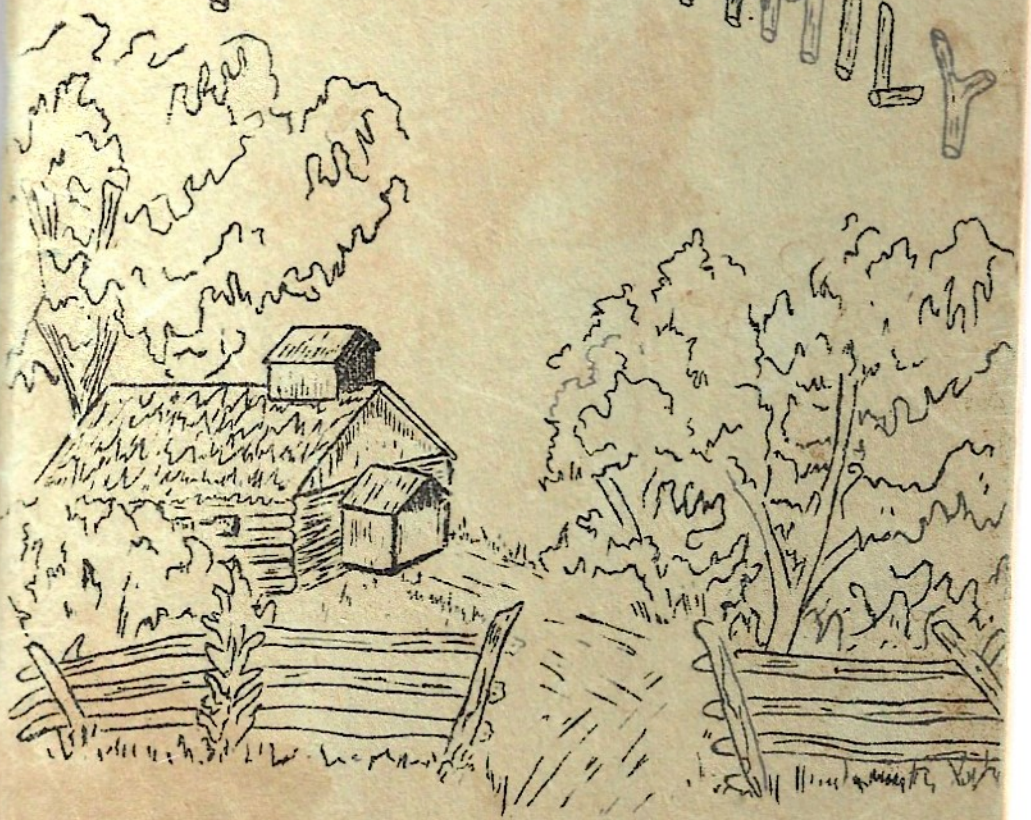
SAGA OF THE MILLS FAMILY



INTRODUCTION

There was a sound of merriment by night, gay chatter and much laughter filled the air, a flow of airy persiflage, light-hearted banter and badinage so characteristic of occasions when any portion of the Mills family assembled.

This particular assembling was in celebration of the 61st anniversary of the marriage of Cyrus H. Mills to Elizabeth Stout. All but one of their living children were present, also a couple of elderly females, sisters of the groom. Neither groom nor sisters were much to look at. As a family we Millses do not run to beauty and don't improve with age. However, all were still in possession of their "faculties" and the not inconsiderable store of wit with which nature had endowed them.

I, being one of the elderly females, was enjoying it to the full when, during a lull or out of the midst of the confusion, a different sound fell on my ear; a voice spoke and said unto me, "Write." "Yes," I said, "whereof shall I write?" It is quite possible I spoke with an acerbity, seemingly unwarranted by so simple a request, but I was not entirely without excuse. The word "write" has become, in a way, anathema to me. It seems someone is always saying to me, "write this," "why don't you write that or the other," this together with an urge within myself to transmit to paper the myriad reflections, convictions, fantasies and what have you, that are continually occurring to me, little of which ever sees the light of day, probably because there has always been something needed to be done or that I preferred to do rather than writing. That sort of writing is drudgery, so there is a constant warfare going on between the clamor of things demanding to be recorded and my disinclination to take pencil in hand.

The voice continued to urge, "Write it----. So little we know, so much you must know and can remember." "But," I said, "what is there to write of a family so indistinguished, none has achieved greatness in any field. If there are Miltons or Shakespeares among us they have remained mute and inglorious. Financiers or statesmen there are none, so far as any available record shows. Our forebears have gone to their graves unhonored and unsung. We who still live make no promise of anything more worth recording. A saga of the Millses would be merely to record the short and simple annals of the poor."

"Well," insisted the voice, "such as they are, we want them."

So I have undertaken the task. The result of my effort is likely to be scrappy, details blurred, sequences and dates inaccurate, but I hope to get on paper a sort of picture of the kind of people our forebears were, particularly our parents, Pulaski and Agnes Lucy Bennett Mills.

Florence Nightingale Mills Sowers

The following story was written in the fall of 1951. There are very few changes in the wording and expression as set down by Aunt Flo. I have gone over the story with her and some of the items in Cyrus' story have been added.

Freda Mills

A SAGA OF THE MILLS FAMILY

Compiled and written by Florence Nightingale Sowers

We must begin with Michael Mills as we have no knowledge of the family back of him. A short paragraph in the history of the Freewill Baptists states that he was born in Pennsylvania and grew up in the faith of the Calvinistic Baptists but later became a preacher in the Freewill church. The only authentic record we have is furnished by a deed to a tract of government land in Jay County, Indiana. The date was 1838 and gave his address as Warren County, Ohio.

He removed with his family to this land and resided there until his death, which I think occurred in 1862, although I have no more authority for this date than a vague memory of seeing it on a tombstone in Liber cemetery.

We know that Michael Mills was married twice, both times to Whitaker girls (sisters). The first, whose name we do not know, bore three children, Jacob, Jesse and Amy. The second wife was Elizabeth Whitaker and to this marriage were born six children, David, Pulaski, Cyrus, Casseus, Keziah and Rachel.

Of the males of the first marriage, I know little. I remember seeing or hearing of an Aquilla Mills, who was probably a son of one of them. I also knew slightly a David Mills who probably was his brother. There were some descendants of one or the other living near Noblesville, Indiana.

Amy married John LaFollette who was a teacher in Jay County, Indiana for many years. They had a large family; Jesse J., Joseph, George, John Jr., Ellen, Mattie, Lydia, and another girl whose name I

have forgotten. Joseph was killed in the Civil War, George studied medicine and practiced at Byrant, Indiana. Jesse and John took to the law and distinguished themselves in their chosen profession. Jesse was, for a time, Assistant State District Attorney, later Dean of Law in Indiana University at Bloomington, Indiana.

Jesse married Anna Wells of Liber and had two children, Byron and Millie. John Jr. taught school several years in the county, later admitted to the bar and finally elected and served as Judge of the Circuit Court. He died sometime between 1913 and 1919 of pernicious anemia.

David, eldest son of Michael and Elizabeth, migrated to Missouri in 1868, I think by only trusting to my memory. He was married to Margaret Wells of Liber. They had eight boys of whom I know little except that they all left the farm. The father was engaged in farming and preaching, not distinguishing himself in either. (I met a Mrs. Hart here in Warren who had known the family and at that time they were located near St. Joseph, Missouri, and she said all the boys were professors.)

Keziah married Gustus Bosworth. They also begot a large family; Marcus, Eli, Homer, Anthony, Lincoln, Charlie, Laura, Ruth, and Sally. Marcus was educated at Liber and was a teacher at Ridgeville. He was also the author of an English grammar which he tried for several years to introduce to the Jay County and other schools but as far as I know he was not successful.

Eli began and remained a farmer. Homer was a teacher and dabbled with law for awhile and later became a minister in the Disciple church. Anthony, I am uncertain about but I think he was a teacher. Charlie, I know, was a teacher and the last I heard of him was a principal of a school in Ottumwa, Iowa.

The daughters were teachers or at least Ruth and Sally were. Laura was married to a man named Smith. She died very young leaving two or three children. Marilla, the youngest, grew up in her Grandfather Bosworth's family. Ruth migrated to Iowa, taught school there, was married but to whom, I do not know. Sally was married to a man named Imwell and was living in South Portland while I was living there.

Rachel, second daughter of Michael and Elizabeth, married a man named Asa Davis. She was left a widow with two children early in life. She lived on a little farm left her by her father and died in the same log cabin in which she started her married life. Neither of her children distinguished themselves in any way.

Cyrus Kelley, third son of Elizabeth and Michael, was of a roving disposition and obeyed the injunction "go west, young man, go west" and went to Kansas and perhaps farther. He returned in 1869 and married Phoebe Montgomery. I remember this because he came to see us in Ridgeville and Mother took after him with a mush paddle because he failed to announce his intentions. (Explanatory note: mush was made in those days in a tall iron kettle and stirred with a wooden paddle.) He took his wife and returned to Kansas where they lived for several years. They had one child who died in early childhood. They returned and lived in Cleveland, Ohio for some years. Then for awhile they lived at Liber, then they went to Minnesota and then back to Pennville, Indiana, where Aunt Phoebe died. He married later an old Liber school friend and lived at Geneva, Indiana, where his second wife died. He was quite old by this time and was cared for by his adopted children until his death.

Casseus, another son of Elizabeth and Michael, was a physician and served in the Civil War and

afterwards went to Kansas. I think he was married and had a child or two. He died there of tuberculosis. (Have no dates for any of this.)

Pulaski, second son of Michael and Elizabeth and my father, was born in Warren County as nearly as I can figure, in 1834. He was brought with the family to Jay County, Indiana in 1838, when he could not have been more than four years of age. Where he received his early education is not known. He was a student at Liber College, a member of the first class of that institution. It was a new and very modest college, established by the Congregational Church in the small village of Liber, situated a few miles south of Portland, the county seat of Jay County.

Mr. J. W. Fiers wrote a history of education in Jay County, a few years ago, and in this the name of Pulaski Mills occurs quite prominently. He states that Pulaski Mills received his early education in Warren County, Ohio so he may have gone back to the old home for that education. Anyway, from the very first of Liber College's existence, he was closely associated with the president, Mr. J. N. Taylor, in the work of the college. According to Mr. Fiers he taught Greek and English. I had always been under the impression that it was Latin and English.

He was graduated from this institution in 1858. We have no record of what he was engaged in during the years between his graduation and 1860 when he was married. In a journal that I had once but is now lost there was mention of travels through some part of southwestern Ohio where he was applying for a school. I remember reading a description of a rival applicant mentioning father's boots which he wrote were "prodigiously black".

(I think it fitting at this point to give an account of the Bennett side of the family.)

This side of the saga must begin with Dr. Hiram P. Bennett who was born at West Minster, Vermont on September 27, 1798. He was educated in medicine and after various circumstances he went to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania to practice. There he met Sabina Peters who was born in Exeter, England on May 26, 1812. She was born Inkston but came to America with a family named Peters and assumed that name. At the time of her meeting with the handsome and I am inclined to think a dashing and brilliant young doctor, she was conducting a private school for girls in Pittsburgh. From the few whispers I have heard I am inclined to believe there was an interesting romance connected with their meeting and marriage but I have no accurate knowledge about it.

They migrated to Indiana with the intention of settling in Richmond but instead they went to Madison where he started the practice of medicine. He was also an ardent abolitionist and was employed by the Wayne Union which was, so far as I can learn, a society formed to promote the idea of the abolishment of slavery. His duty was to travel and lecture against slavery.

In 1842 he was appointed delegate to the Protestant Methodist Conference in Baltimore and he attended at his own expense. He signalized himself by sharp opposition to slavery in the church or among church members, maintaining that such practice should be "extirpated". He met with such strong opposition that he immediately seceded from the Conference on account of its pro-slavery character. Later he joined the Wesleyan Methodist and his wife joined with him.

In the years following, by his devotion to the anti-slavery cause he reduced himself to poverty and

ruined his health. He moved to Richmond, Indiana where he resumed the practice of medicine but because of his failing health was unable to continue for long. One record says they moved to the country in Randolph County but doesn't state at what place. From the things I remember of those told me I have the impression that he became a sort of a protege of the community in which he lived. He seemed to be the pride and idol of a little community which was centered in the small town of Newport (later Fountain City). It was largely Quaker and Wesleyan Methodist and a very "hot-bed" of abolitionism. After his death on October 2, 1847 his family became in a way as he had been proteges of the community.

The following are their children:

Agnes Lucy, born at Blairsville, Indiana County, Pennsylvania Feb. 23, 1835
Hannah Jane, born at Madison, Indiana May 11, 1837
Juliet Sabina, born at Madison, Ind. July 10, 1840
William Wilberforce, born Union County Aug. 11, 1842
Thomas Morris, born Richmond, Indiana Sept. 5, 1844
Ann Irene, born Randolph County July 17, 1846

After Dr. Bennett died how his widow managed with the family and with such little means, I do not know. As I have said they were proteges of the community. I do know that she engaged in the millinery business which in those days involved many things that are done in factories now. What all our grandmother was able to do, I don't know. I do know that she "served over straws" and bleached them with sulphur. I have a vague memory of a small room smelling strongly of sulphur and with numerous plaster molds over which the hats were shaped. I also have the impression that various numbers of the children lived at intervals with some of the doctor's devoted friends. Our mother went at the age of sixteen to live in the family of Alexander Heywood, a Wesleyan minister, and I am not sure whether he was stationed at Newport at the time.

I have decided to interpolate here a short sketch of the Heywood-Worth menage since that family was so closely associated with us that our story could not be written without reference to them.

It must have been in the year 1851 when Mother went to live with them. During the nine years that Mother was in the family at least one of their children was born. Mr. Heywood died and his widow married Aaron Worth, a much younger man who had been "converted" during one of Mr. Heywood's meetings. Mr. Worth entered the ministry and acquired at least a portion of his education at Liber College. It was there that my mother and father met.

Aunt Sarah, as we children called Mrs. Heywood-Worth, owned a farm in another township, the one on which we lived in the cabin. It is likely that the family spent much time there as it was in the old farm house on this place that our parents were married.

Aunt Sarah had four children by her first husband; Francena, Philena, Aurelia and I have forgotten the other's name. There were two boys by the second marriage; Ossian and Audian Floriden. Audian was born after our parents were married as he was a year younger than Cyrus. Ossian died in infancy so only two of Aunt Sarah's six lived to grow up; Aurie Heywood and Audian Worth.

The families were so closely associated that we children knew them much better than we did any of our "blood" relations. Although we were taught to call Mrs. Worth, Aunt Sarah, she was always "Mother" to our mother and there existed a bond of affection between them quite unusual in such cases. In all their years of association they seemed to have very few differences and among all my memories I have not one word of criticism from either of them for the other.

It was "Mother and Aurie" who were with our mother during our mother's illness and death. It was Aurie to whom Mother had given Amy who was only three. Aurie was single at the time, only twenty-two but she undertook the task of caring for another's child. And she was truly a "mother" so that Amy, unlike the rest of us, never really lacked a mother's care.

"Uncle Aaron" was appointed our guardian and how well he served in that capacity there might be two opinions. He had, by the time our parents died, become a very popular preacher, being "a born orator", as he was duffed by admirers. He was also called an "evangelist" by the Wesleyans and he travelled all over the state attending quarterly meetings. Sometimes he was given a "circuit" but the family lived on the farm while he was travelling.

Shortly after Amy and I went to live with them he was given a circuit and we moved to Albion, Indiana but we did live on the farm the first summer. The old farm house across the road had fallen into ruins and the other tenants had occupied the new house all but the front room so the Worths lived partly in the cabin and partly in the front room of the other house.

I neglected to mention in its proper connection that Aurie was married later to a man who had a son near Amy's age. The two grew up as brother and sister. Aurie died in the early nineties after a week's illness, unnamed at that time. Aunt Sarah lived to past eighty although she had grown to be what in those days was called a "hypochondriac" and seldom "saw a well day".

And now going back to the Bennetts. The six Bennetts lived to grow up into respectable citizens, though some of them rather resented the fact that their father had "dissipated" his energies and his

means in a "cause" instead of providing a livelihood and particularly opportunities for education for his family.

Hannah married James Williams and they had seven children; Alice Donzetta, Genevra Beyonda, William, Elizabeth, Bertha, Jessie, and Thomas. Genevra, known as "Cousin Nev", came to be well known to the family in later years and was much loved and admired.

Sabina married Edward Price and they had three children; Margaret, William, and Charlie. Charlie died in childhood.

William Wilberforce Bennett (Uncle Wilber) married Miss Hattie Wright of Marion, Indiana. He was engaged in the mercantile business (dry goods and grain) according to a letterhead found among some old papers. He went to California shortly after our mother's death and died there in 1876 leaving a son, William Wright Bennett.

Thomas Bennett never married. He died in 1873 at the age of twenty-nine.

Ann Irene married Isaac Loom and they lived always in Fountain City. They had two children; Jessie Lulu and James Bennett.

I do not know what business Uncle Tom was engaged in. I found among some old papers a newspaper clipping where someone had written a highly eulogistic piece about him but who wrote it or what paper the clipping is from, there is no way of knowing.

So much for the Bennetts but I must insert a few lines about the Whitakers, our Grandmother Mills' family.

There is a record of a Caleb Whitaker born in

Virginia (date unknown) who was married to Keziah (maiden name unknown). A son, Nimrod Whitaker, who was born in Virginia, June 15, 1794, was married to Susannah Watkins, probably in Warren County, Ohio. One of them, Caleb or Nimrod, was our grandmother's father. Little is known of them except I believe that they were of English extraction and immigrated to Warren County, Ohio, and it is quite possible that our grandfather met the family and married two of the daughters.

On August 7, 1860 Pulaski was married to Agnes Lucy Bennett. The following account of their marriage was copied from a newspaper clipping posted on the inner side of the back cover of Grandmother Bennett's family Bible: "Married by Reverend A. Worth at his residence near West Liberty, Indiana, Jay County, Pulaski Mills to Agnes Lucy Bennett. Well done after many long days or nights of courtship, Pulaski and Agnes are married. They are of proper age and have sufficient knowledge to undertake such a step. It does us good to hear of such an event, for in this world of sorrow everyone needs a never failing sympathetic friend. If we're to judge from the delicious cake that filled a vacancy we think that Pulaski will never want for luxuries and oh, that every woman might live near an excellent 'mill'."

Miss Bennett had also been a student at Liber and after their marriage they both taught at Mt. Pleasant, which was at that time a thriving village with the only school in the county having more than one teacher. A report made and sworn to by Pulaski Mills is published in one of Mr. Fier's articles in which is listed the number of pupils and their names, the number of teachers and their wages which were $1.40 per day for the male and 75 cents for the female.

Pulaski Mills was elected county examiner in June, 1864. His tenure of office was short lived as sometime between that date and February, 1865 he joined the army and served until mustered out at the close of the war. Between the time of his discharge from the army and my "remembering" which I have figured was sometime in 1867, I have no knowledge and no record.

My first clear recollection is of being taken out early one morning and leaning on a fence to watch a railroad train which was my first sight of such a thing. I seem to hear Father saying, "Hurry up so you can see the locomotive." This was at Ridgeville, a small town in the southern part of the county. The incident probably occurred the next morning after our arrival in that village. Father had sold his farm in Jay County and built a small frame house in the town. He had invested a thousand dollars in the Freewill Baptist College which was under construction at that time. He also built a one room cottage on one corner of the lot which was to be rented to students in the college who wished to board themselves. Two tenants of this one room domicile I think I remember. Marcus Bosworth was the first and Aurie Heywood the other. She was there the last time we lived in Ridgeville in 1869. The money invested in the college was to have provided a scholarship for us children. Father was also promised a professorship in the college but this promise was not kept and the scholarships were not available when the foster father of Amy F. tried to take advantage of it when she was ready for her education. The record of the investment was there but the authorities refused to consider it.

How long we remained in Ridgeville, I do not know but it could not have been too long because I do know that we were in Union City, Indiana during the winter of 1869 as Father taught and was principal of the school in that town during that winter. He sold Singer Sewing Machines during the following summer and in the fall we were back in Ridgeville and Father had a school somewhere near, probably at a place called Deerfield. He, no doubt, walked the distance to and from school daily. I remember his returning one evening just at dusk and finding me in the wood yard picking up chips and feeling very "righteous" as I told him I was performing the task without being told to do so. He and mother had a

laugh about it which I suppose I was not expected to hear, but I did.

Another incident I remember was the death of our Grandmother Bennett and the journey to Fountain City (then Newport) to attend the funeral. The trip was made in a two seated "spring wagon". Cyrus and I sat on the back seat with Uncle Wilber Bennett who had come by railroad train from Marion to Ridgeville. This was, I surmise, my first experience with death and of course I hadn't the vaguest idea what it was all about. I remember the casket resting in the middle of the room and a cousin weeping and I wondered what "Nervy", as we called her, was crying about. I remember also the procession to the little Wesleyan Church and the tolling of the bell as we approached.

Another incident of our last stay in Ridgeville that seems clear to me was our missing the exercises at a public Christmas tree at the college. We were, as I remember, having whooping cough so we were barred from the entertainment. But Aurie, who was living in the cottage, took Cyrus and me to see the tree earlier in the evening and later brought us some presents. I think she had put them on the tree for us in order that we should not be entirely left out of things. Mine was a toy chick made, I presume, of plaster of Paris or perhaps china. I remember quite well what it looked like.

We moved from Ridgeville to the Worth farm near West Liberty in the spring of 1870. Father spent the summer farming and having ague (malaria) chills as did the rest of us. Sometimes two or three of us had to go to bed at one time for this condition. These attacks were likely to occur every other day though some had what they called "third day ague" when two days would lapse between chills. The farm was located near the "Limberlost" swamp (later made famous by Gene Stratton Porter in her several

novels). Mosquitoes were plentiful, although I don't suppose anyone at that time even surmised that they were responsible for our malaria. We were dosed with quinine, "shinodyne" and Wright's pills, which Cyrus had trouble swallowing but which I enjoyed taking so much that I remember climbing up to the mantel and helping myself to some which, of course, might have had disastrous results, but didn't. I also remember that I was severely reprimanded.

Living standards were very primitive. There was a substantial but aging farm house on the place but it was occupied by another tenant and we lived in a cabin consisting of one large room and an attic reached by a ladder. The only water supply was a sulphur spring at the foot of the hill.

Cyrus and I had many memories in common of our summer there, particularly our fishing experiences. We went almost daily to the creek (Bear Creek), a small stream flowing out into the swamp, which, by the way, was known at that time as the "Lob-lolly" or "Lob" for short. We usually brought home some fish. To reach the creek from the cabin we had only to cross the road and go through the yard of the other house and the orchard, or else through the barnyard and lane. Although Cyrus was not quite eight and I not six, Mother, as I remember, did not seem to worry about us on our fishing excursions or our other "roamings" about. She taught us the plants that were good for "greens" and we gathered them by the bushel. We gathered nuts in the fall, both hickory nuts and hazel nuts. There were snakes a plenty but we had no encounters with any but garter snakes. The only time we came across one more formidable was once when we were looking for wild gooseberries. It was a blue racer but Father was with us and when he saw the snake we stepped back while he killed it.

A well remembered incident of this summer was

a visit from Aunt Hannah and her five children and when they and the Worths with four in their family got together it made quite a group. Where they were all put to sleep, I haven't the faintest idea except I remember four or five of us slept crosswise in a "trundle bed" which could be rolled under the large bed in the daytime. The story and a half house that the Worths occupied periodically during their lifetime was being built that summer and we kids had much material with which we could build play houses and furniture for them. Particularly, I remember, the piano made from blocks, the black keys made from charcoal.

In the fall we moved to a frame house, a half or three quarters of a mile north of the cabin and father taught at the West Liberty school. Cyrus was eight and I was six and we went to school at the Carney school about a half mile from where we lived. The school house was a log building but I think we had regular seats and desks, although I am not certain about this. I remember I wore leather boots just as the boys did. I remember, also, that I read in a Wilson's second reader. And I remember standing up against the wall in our living room with Cyrus while we were drilled in our spelling lessons. I can also remember shelling corn for Father to take to the mill in Portland which was ten or twelve miles away.

Our teacher that year was a man named John Collett. Cyrus thought that he was a very smart man "because he knew the world was round". Father and Mother were very much amused when he said that and that is probably why I remember this little incident.

We lived in that house during the winter of 1870 and the summer of 1871. We moved in the fall to another cabin on the Walter Northern farm near Bryant. What our father did that winter, neither Cyrus nor I could remember. The Chicago fire oc-

curred that fall and I remember well hearing them talk about it and Mother reading to us about it from "The Little Corporal", a children's magazine to which no doubt Father had subscribed for us.

Opportunities for church going were limited and I remember we drove two or three or maybe even four miles to the Carney school one Sunday to hear Billy Paxon, a redheaded "exhorter" who stamped and stormed and frothed at the mouth. Wendell, who wasn't quite three, became frightened and set up a howl. Talking about it the next morning he said he "didn't like that man with the blue hair because he made so much noise".

I remember too, Father and Mother having many discussions over the plans for the house they built in Bryant the following spring. I believe we moved into it in April when there was little more than board walls, roof and floor. One of Father's friends said that Father was the first man that he ever knew to move to a spot and build the house around him.

The youngest of our five was born in this place. I remember blankets were hung to form bedroom walls. Cyrus and I were placed on the back of old "Frank", the horse, and told that we might ride to the Northern home which was a mile or two away and we could spend the day there but we were to send Mrs. Northern to our house. Since it was pouring rain, all these proceedings so different from the usual, might have aroused suspicions in more precocious youngsters. However, I had none and Cyrus never said whether he had or not. Anyway the new baby was a surprise.

During the summer following, the building of our house proceeded slowly as Father was also engaged in helping build a new school house at the edge of this little town. The town promised to become a more flourishing business center because a new railroad

known as the Grand Rapids and Indiana, had just been completed. Father, also at this time, became owner and sole operator of a drugstore which was only a few steps away from the house. The store carried, besides drugs and patent medicines, some groceries and a soda fountain.

In the summer of 1873 we lived on a small farm, a half mile or so from Bryant. I think Father and Mother owned the place. I believe there were twenty acres and it had a two-story house that someone had started to build and had finished only the lower floor. The upstairs furnished sleeping quarters, though as I remember it, the windows were minus sashes and glass. Fly screens had not come into common use at that time, so flies and mosquitoes both had free admission. However, I don't remember our having "chills" very much that summer. I am pretty sure that Father traded this place for some land in another township. I think Mother was opposed to this as I remember a rather violent altercation between them about it. We then moved back to Bryant. The land Father traded for was not valuable and was sold for taxes after his death.

During the winter of '73 and '74 we were back in the cottage in Bryant and Father was teaching in the Bryant school. In the spring of '74 we moved to the Polsdorfer property east of the railroad. The front of this building was occupied by a general store with living quarters in the rear and on the second floor. Father was manager of the store and our family lived in the rest of the place. It was here that Father contracted the vile disease, black erysipelas, which caused his death on November 15, 1874. He left Mother with five children. They were:

Cyrus Heywood, born November 3, 1862
Florence Nightingale, born November 7, 1864
Genevra Elizabeth, born August 4, 1867
Wendell Stewart, born May 24, 1869
Amy Francena, born April 15, 1872

And so there was our mother left with that family and very little that furnished a source of income. We moved into the front room of the cottage and also kept the upstairs room. The remainder of the house we rented to a young couple. Another small piece of property brought us a few dollars and that, as far as I know, was all the income we had. And to add to Mother's worry was the fact that another baby was due to arrive in April.

What that winter must have meant to our mother is beyond imagining. We must have been terribly crowded with all of us living in one room but living standards were quite primitive in those days and in that locality to this day there are families living in one room log cabins.

I have many pictures in my memory of scenes of that time. One is of Mother sitting by the stove with the open Bible in her lap. Another of Wendell sitting in the high chair at the table reading the Bible. He always asked for the first chapter of St. John and I remember quite well, his childish tongue speaking quite distinctly, "In the beginning was the word" and so on. He wasn't quite six at that time. I have also, memories of friends coming in and Mother talking of Father and his worth and goodness. The only fault she saw in him was that he was not "a good financier". Those were her words and she would add that she didn't consider that a fault, just a failing.

When spring came and early in April the family moved out of the back rooms we had the whole house but the large bed was still in the front room and it was there that Mother was taken ill in the night somewhere around April 9th. She was taken with convulsions. Fortunately the doctor lived next door and Cyrus had him there in a few minutes. His only remedy was chloroform. Aunt Sarah came the next day which was Saturday and never left Mother until the

end which came on Monday, April 12th, after Mother had given birth to triplets, two of which were boys and they were stillborn and the other was a girl that lived for six weeks and then she, too, passed away. I remember that after a sunny forenoon there came up a shower. I happened to be in the room with Mother and she told me to call Cyrus and have him put out the tubs to catch the rain water and those, I think, were her last words as a few minutes later she was gone. She was buried on April 14, with the stillborn babies on each side of her, a sight indelibly impressed on my mind.

After her burial in Liber cemetery we children were separated. Mother had not expected to live through her accouchement, in truth seemed not to want to live. She said the Lord could take better care of her children than she could. She had places in mind with Aunt Sarah's help for some of us. Genevra was to go to a Mr. Wickizer, a friend there in Bryant who had taken a fancy to her. Aunt Hannah had come the day after Mother's death expecting to be with her during her confinement, not knowing her tragic end. She took Wendell and the little baby with her to Fountain City where two other of Mother's sisters lived. The baby was later left with Dr. Allan Forquher at Ridgeville. She lived only a short time and then the Forquhers took Wendell. Later Uncle Cyrus came and got him and took him back to Cleveland, Ohio with him, a move that turned out most unhappily for the boy.

Cyrus was to go to another county. Amy was given to Aurie Heywood who was still living at home with her mother, Aunt Sarah Worth. Since Amy had clung to me during Mother's illness and refused to allow anyone else to do anything for her and since no other provision was made for me I was taken with her and lived in the Worth household for two and a half years. Then I was taken to Wayne County and left with a family of Quakers where I lived until I was sixteen when I "struck out" for myself.

CYRUS HEYWOOD MILLS
(As recorded by Florence)

Cyrus was born at Fountain City, Indiana, on November 3, 1862. He was twelve years old at the time of our parents' death. He was sent to live with a farmer in another county and I believe the name of the farmer was Christopher Sears. Just how long he remained there or why he left, I don't know, but I do know that he did live with the family of Henry Charles, a farmer. They lived a few miles from Fountain City and not too far from the Osborns with whom I went to live in 1877. He became dissatisfied at the Charles' (he told me this not long ago) because they did not provide him with decent clothes. They expected him to go to "meetings" on Sunday in the same things he wore to work in on week days. When he left there he went to a neighbor and asked for a job. Whether he got the job or not I don't know but when the news spread around, Mr. Charles located Cyrus at our Aunt Irene's in Fountain City. He took him to Richmond, the County seat of Wayne County, and fitted him out in a new suit, shoes, hat and all the accessories and then begged him to return with him to the farm but for some reason Cyrus refused to go. He felt that he deserved the new outfit anyway because he had not received any pay while he had been with Mr. Charles.

He then went to Jay County and lived with several farmers and went to school in the winter. Going to school seemed to be the ambition of all of us and we tried to never let anything interfere with the desire for an education.

He lived one winter with a family named Hale who lived a few miles west of Bryant. It was that winter, Cyrus told me, that he had an attack of lung fever and he said that he remembered they would not let him have any water because it was the doctor's

orders. (That shows how ignorant they were in those days.) Anyway, he waited until all the family were out doing the chores and then he got out of bed and went out to the pump and drank his fill. He said it was a wonder it didn't kill him but he progressed all right in spite of it. When he was convalescing a friend of our parents, Billy Strait, came for him and took him to Bryant to see a doctor, paid the doctor, which was nine dollars, and said he was all right. He spent much of his time for a while at the Strait home. They had a son near Cyrus' age and a daughter younger in years than I was but certainly years older in sophistication.

The next accurate knowledge I have of Cyrus was during the winter of 1862-63 when I was teaching at the Camby school. That winter he was with Sam and Aurie Heywood Read near West Liberty. Our youngest sister was living with them and I came there the latter part of that winter. I was paying board, of course, because at that time I was earning the princely sum of $1.35 a day. Cyrus was doing chores and helping with other farm work, all for the sum of board and room and a few clothes. I never knew what his aims or ambitions were at that time but if he had the idea of following the family tradition of being a teacher, he was discouraged after substituting for me a week or two.

We had a number of pleasant experiences together that winter. Among others was preparing and reading at a literary society in Bryant. We wrote and edited a small newspaper called the "West Liberty Broad Axe" with the motto, "Hew to the line, let the chips fly where they will." We had some help from Cyrus' teacher, C. H. Tate, but wrote and selected most of the material ourselves. This teacher paid Cyrus the very high compliment of saying that his was one of the two best minds in the school, the other one was of our sister, Amy.

So far as I know and can remember, Cyrus spent his time on various farms in various places. During the following years, somewhere in his early twenties, he decided to take the Horace Greeley advice to "go west, young man, go west". He and a friend went to several western states such as Kansas, Nebraska and Idaho. How long they stayed, I don't know but they had many jobs and much experience. They did logging, worked on a railroad and some road building besides helping on farms. He tells of one experience of how he had to sleep out in the open on the bare ground and to keep the snakes away they used hemp rope and made a circle out of it and they slept within that circle. A snake would not crawl over a hemp rope. He also told of riding mile after mile on freight cars.

On his way back from the west he came by the way of St. Joseph, Missouri, where our father's brother was living on a farm. He called at the farm and asked for work but did not reveal his identity. Uncle David said, "No, I am not needing help," which was a big misstatement as the farm was in a frightful condition. Our Uncle David had eight sons but none of them had chosen to stay on the farm and Uncle David himself seemed to have been double struck with the streak of laziness that cropped up in the family occasionally from either the Mills or Whitacre side. And then Uncle David was interested in his ministry and so neglected the farm.

Since no work was obtainable there Cyrus went to the next farm and there he told them that he was the nephew of "Preacher Mills" and the farmer gave him a job. The news spread fast and when Uncle David heard about it he immediately went to his neighbor and said to Cyrus, "You little rascal, why didn't you tell me who you were?" Cyrus tried to explain that he didn't want him to feel that he had to hire him so that is why he didn't want him to know. But he went back with Uncle David and was greeted with

open arms by Aunt Maggie. He stayed there three months and by the time he left the farm had taken on a different look. It was cleaned up and put into good running order. They begged him to stay and when he finally left there was much weeping.

He stopped in Chicago on his way back and took a course in salesmanship. He was there about a month and when the course was over he had just enough money to take him back to Jay County where he worked on a farm. It was not until after he was married that his course in salesmanship came in handy.

He was married on February 1, 1890, to Elizabeth Stout. They lived for some time on a farm and then moved to Dunkirk, Indiana, where he engaged in the insurance business and later did the same kind of work in Red Key, Indiana. He was associated with the Prudential and the Aetna Life Insurance Companies.

In the spring of 1900, on the recommendation of my husband, Homer Sowers, he was employed by the Decatur Egg Case Company as a timber buyer for the mill in Van Wert, Ohio. He moved there with his family that same year. He succeeded my husband as manager in 1903. He remained in that position until the fall of 1905 when he purchased a mill in Warren, Ohio. This had been owned by the Decatur Egg Case Company and he renamed it the Warren Cooperage Company where barrel staves and barrel hoops were manufactured.

Cyrus was very civic minded and gave much of his time to the betterment of Warren. He made many lifelong friends at this time and he was affectionately known as "Daddy Mills". He served as councilman from 1914 to 1916.

It was about the year 1916 when there was a

growing shortage of suitable timber and because the company that owned the railroad that ran beside the mill wished more property in that vicinity that Cyrus decided it was a good time to sell out. He then went into the real estate business but only remained in that work for a few years when he had the opportunity to go back into the lumber business. He purchased a lumber mill at Montpelier, Ohio, and his business was good enough that he was able to expand and he purchased several mills within a hundred mile radius of Montpelier.

In 1921 or 22 he was asked to go into the business as jobber in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He was in partnership with another man and it proved disastrous because through wrong investments and a business slump all that he had invested, and that was almost all that he had, was lost.

He then went into the Novelty Advertising business and was in this for a few years in Fort Wayne but felt that he could do better in Warren so moved back there in 1925. He remained in this business until his death.

He lived to the age of eighty-eight and one-half years and died on May 14, 1951. His surviving widow was seventy-eight and a half years at the time and had he lived until the following February they would have celebrated their sixty-second wedding anniversary.

Cyrus and Elizabeth had nine children and raised all of them but one. Florence Edith died when she was three years old. Two more have passed away, Elizabeth Ella on February 20, 1936 at the birth of her son, Tommy, and Fred two weeks later from perforated ulcer.

Fred Othello was born in Jay County, Indiana, on May 4, 1891. He served as an officer in World

War I. He was married twice - his first wife, Elsie Timmons, died in 1929, and later he married Ellen Loveless.

William Herbert was born in Jay County, Indiana on December 8, 1892. He also served in World War I and then practiced as an osteopathic physician. He married Thelma Hetzel of Connelsville, Pennsylvania. They have two girls, Myra and June, and a boy, William.

Tressa Agnes was born in Dunkirk, Indiana, on September 15, 1894. She married Fred Miles and has one son, Fred.

Treva May was born in Hartford City, Indiana, July 17, 1896, and she married Guy Kenyon of Warren.

Freda Irene was born March 11, 1898 in Red Key, Indiana, and at the time of this writing is a Physical Therapist in one of the Chicago schools for crippled children.

Florence Edith was born in February, 1900, in Wall, Jay County, Indiana.

Kenneth Pulaski was born January 29, 1902, in Van Wert, Ohio. He married Gladys Marshall and is in newspaper work in Florida.

Cyrus Lester was born March 4, 1907 in Warren, Ohio. He married Glenadine Shaffer and they have two boys, Richard and Edward. He is employed at the Peerless Electric Company in Warren.

Elizabeth Ella was born November 20, 1909, in Warren, Ohio. She married Gould Stewart and their children are Nancy and Thomas.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE MILLS SOWERS

There is so much of me in the story so far that there seems little left to record.

I was born, I think, in the old home place on the land Grandfather Mills bought from the government. My only authority for this is the vague memory of being in a room which I think was in that place. The room was empty except for a pile of apples in one corner. Evidently no one was living there, but Father and Mother were with me and told me that I was born in that room. The smell of apples almost always brings the scene to my mind for a fleeting moment.

The momentous event, my birth, took place on November 7, 1864. At the time Father was county examiner and supervisor of schools in Jay County, Indiana, but went into the army soon after.

As I have stated in the main story I lived from April, 1875, when Mother died, until September, 1877 with the Worth family. For the first few months we lived on their farm in Jay County and then Reverend Worth was transferred to a "circuit" in Northern Indiana and we moved to Albion, the county seat of Noble County. At the end of the two and a half years they took me with them to attend the Annual Conference of the Wesleyans at Fountain City (formerly Newport). Two of mother's sisters were still living there and I think Aunt Sarah (see Worth story) hoped to find a home for me with one of them. However, they had their own families and not too much of the world's goods. Cyrus, at the time, was living with a family of Quakers a few miles from Fountain City. Their names were Henry and Narcissa Charles. Narcissa had a brother, Charles Osborn, living on a farm a few miles away, who had lost a daughter a few months before and she had been near my age. The

Worths, Charleses, and Osborns had known each other in earlier years, in fact Charles Osborn and Aaron Worth were cousins, Charles Osborn's mother having been a Worth. The Charleses conceived the idea that the Osborns might be willing to take me in. They decided to give it a try so I was left there. Since they were total strangers to me, the frightful homesickness I suffered for some days was understandable. I remember weeping copiously. There were two grown boys, seventeen and nineteen, in the family and they set about with foolishness and making taffy to divert me so that I recovered in a short time.

The Osborns ran, in addition to farming, a cane or sorghum mill so that every summer from the time the cane was sufficiently matured everyone was busy. I think the season lasted from some time in August through September. The Osborn boys and I had to miss the first month of school to help, so we had only five months of school, that is from October through March. We had to walk two and a half miles to the village of Economy where they had a graded school; three rooms, primary, intermediate and high school.

The first fall that I was there they had a "hired girl" so I suppose I didn't have much to do. "Thee didn't earn thee salt," so Asenath told me. Those were her own words. Asenath, being the driving force in the family, saw to it that I "did earn my salt" after that. That and much more that I didn't get, although the chance to go to a good school five months out of the year was worth a great deal, and the influence of her husband, Charles, who was an educated and studious man, had much to do with shaping my ideas and ambitions at that time.

For some reason during the last year of my stay there, a sort of antagonism arose between Asenath and me. The adolescent years seem to be trying ones for all concerned and more so when the parties are not blood relation. As I was there in only a sort

of an adopted way, I became very dissatisfied but tried to stay my sixteenth winter in order to have the advantage of the school, but things became too unpleasant. I fixed up a romantic scheme of running away by attempting to enlist the aid of one of the young men who was a friend of the Osborn boys. I asked him to take me over to Fountain City which was some ten or twelve miles away. Of course he refused because he did not wish to disturb the friendship existing between the families.

Cyrus had before this time left the Charleses and had gone back to Jay County, so for some reason I have never known, the Osborns decided to send me out there instead of taking me to my aunt's in Fountain City.

I had a place with Dr. Poling and his wife in Bryant that winter and went to school in the one room frame building that Father had helped to build back in 1872. The Polings were, as it happened, living in the cottage that Father had "build around" his family.

In the spring following I worked at housework on a farm part of the summer and part of the time in Bryant. I went back to Wayne County to Fountain City that fall. My aunt found a place for me with a family named Study (long u) where I worked for my room and board and went to school. In the spring I went back to Jay County and took the county examination and got my teacher's license. It was a twelve month license, but how I got it I don't know. I must have been woefully ignorant but there could have been a reason why I got it when I found out later that the county superintendent had the effrontery to tell me that he was in love with me. Since he was a married man I, of course, was not interested. Anyway, I had my certificate and through the kindness of a cousin, Homer Bosworth, I secured a school at Salem and taught the spring term of two and a half months at

$1.25 a day. I spent the summer in Judge Haynes' kitchen in Portland and afterwards taught a six months' term in Jackson township.

That same winter I applied for and received the appointment to Purdue University. I took the teacher's review course there the following spring. I then got a place in Portland, the county seat of Jay County, where I worked for my room and board through the summer and went to Normal School. The Normal School was a new institution at that time.

I had a school in another township for the fall and later that fall I went with some other teachers to Allen County and taught near Naples, a small town southeast of Fort Wayne.

In the meantime I had become acquainted with Homer Sowers who was also a teacher. We had met at a township Institute. We were married in January of 1884. I finished my school in Allen County which also finished my career as a teacher.

We lived with my husband's family on a farm during the summer of 1884. Homer had a school in Knox township that fall. That winter we furnished a large room in a farmer's home and went to housekeeping.

Our first child, Dollie Agnes, was born there on January 20, 1885. In the spring we moved to Portland. My husband secured a position as deputy auditor and remained an employee of the county for twelve years. For a year or two in that twelve he was with the sheriff. A change of politics caused him to lose his job. He then secured a position with the Decatur Egg Case Company, in whose employ he remained in various capacities. He was with this company for ten years and during that time he was moved to several places, namely, Decatur, Indiana; Van Wert, Ohio; and Warren, Ohio. He then became

interested in osteopathy. He sold his interest in a lumber mill that he had acquired and we went to Kirksville, Missouri. That was in January, 1906 and he took a three year course which was then the requirement. He received his diploma in 1909. We then went back to Decatur, Indiana, where he practiced as as assistant to Dr. Johnson for a year or two. Then we located in Sharon, Pennsylvania, where Homer practiced until 1942 when he retired because of his age and ill health. He lived until May 26, 1943 and died of an internal hemorrhage.

Since this is my story, what I was doing during the years just recorded must be told also, and that, of course, doesn't differ very much from that of any other married woman in those days.

We had five children, all but Dollie Agnes (whom I have mentioned before) were born in Portland, Indiana:

Lytle Edgar, born September 8, 1886
Donna Genevra, born March 15, 1888
Hazel Imogine, born February 11, 1891
Winifred Helen, born May 19, 1895

So my activities consisted in doing for the family such as cooking, sewing, washing, ironing, mending, but always finding time to do a little reading. My reading might have resulted profitably if I had read to any purpose but I didn't, only reading what "came to hand". I took up a Chautauqua Circle course but I didn't finish, partly for lack of time and partly for lack of money to purchase necessary books. I had from my earliest memories the ambition to be a writer.

After the children were almost grown I started a correspondence course but couldn't get away from the kitchen or the sewing machine long enough to do much with it but I still held on to the hope that I might some day do some writing.

The summer after my husband's graduation we were living at Winona Lake so I took a short course in English composition at the Winona Lake school. Later I rewrote and sold one of the stories that I wrote that summer. Later still, I sold another story to Home Life. (Meant to say that my first story was published in Woman's World.) But that was the end of my career as an author as far as publications were concerned.

However, I did do a variety of stories, papers, and poems and what have you for a club to which I belonged for the thirty years that we lived in Sharon. I have thought that I might have done more if ill health hadn't struck me just when I might have had some time to write. I, who had scarcely known that I had nerves, became a nervous "wretch", and found myself unable to concentrate.

Since my husband's death I have devoted my time to making quilts. I am now eighty-seven and am working on my twenty-first quilt.

My family married in due course. Agnes married Frank Post on May 22, 1909. Donna married Fred Smith of Warren on December 12, 1912. Ted (Lytle Edgar) married Ada Florence Murray on May 16, 1912. Hazel married Dr. Oliver Brodbeck on June 22, 1916 and they have lived most of their lives in Elyria, Ohio. Winifred married Dr. Edwin Burkhardt on March 22, 1922.

Ted has two boys. His older son, Robert, has followed in his father's footsteps, that of a physician. Ted has practiced in Warren since 1916. Robert married Madge Gardner and they have two children, Jerry Robert and Jane Lynn.

Richard, Ted's younger son, is married to Helen Xanthos. Richard is an employee of the Federal Weld Company in Warren.

Agnes had no children and she lost her husband December 27, 1950. She now lives in her own little home on Parkman Road in Warren.

Donna had no children and she has been widowed for some time and now lives in Cleveland and is employed as a hostess in the Cleveland Clinic.

Winifred has two children, Rebecca who is living in Peru, Indiana, and Edward, who has recently graduated from West Virginia University and is in the army at the time of this writing. (Rebecca has one child, a girl.)

Hazel has three daughters: Barbara, who is married to Harold Beas and lives in Cleveland, has four children, two boys and two girls; Martha, who was married to Wilbur Coven, has three children, two boys and a girl; Nancy married Walter Warren who is at the present time with the Marines in Korea, and Nancy is attending Kent University.

GENEVRA MILLS BONHAM
(As told by Genevra)

I am Elizabeth Genevra Mills Bonham. I was born at Liber, Indiana, on August 4, 1867. My parents were Agnes Bennett and Pulaski Mills. During the year before I was eight years old both my mother and father passed away. Since my mother was the last to go, she gave me to a good friend and neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. William Wickizer, where she thought I would be well provided for and well treated. On the contrary, for they had never had any children of their own and therefore lacked understanding, so after about two years I ran away to a friend's house, where my guardian, Reverend Aaron Worth, called for me. He did not make me return to the Wickizers and I remained with the Worths for some time while they lived in Albion, Indiana, and later on when they moved to their farm near Bryant, Indiana.

After my oldest sister, Florence, married, which was at the age of nineteen, and they lived in Portland, Indiana, I went to live with them part of the time. By this time I was old enough to work and earn a little to help myself. I worked very hard at some of the places for the little that I received, which, in some cases, would be only board and room and a few made over clothes. But I was able to go to school and I did manage to learn even though it was difficult to work and study also.

I had the opportunity later, to work for my tuition and board at the Normal School in Portland. I owned two dresses, one wool and one calico, and very little else. I did the cooking for the whole school and was in charge of the help in the dining room, all this to get the education I needed to teach.

I taught school for about six or seven terms.

My first school was in Lob, a very poor section of Jay County, where the people were in such dire circumstances that they had a struggle to exist. But in spite of that I had a very good place to live. The landlady was thoughtful and provided good food and made me as comfortable as possible. I also taught in Poling, Indiana, where I met some very nice people who ever after remained my good friends.

It was while I was teaching in Poling that I became better acquainted with William Luther Bonham of Bryant, Indiana. I had been friends with both his sisters for many years and I had boarded with his sister, Clara (Mrs. J. L. Sisk). His other sister's name was Emma.

Luther, the son of Ann Overhiser and Francis Bonham, and I were married on June 14, 1890, at the home of my sister, Florence, in Portland by a Presbyterian minister. We lived in Bryant for several years where my husband worked in the oil fields as a driller. Three of our children were born here, Bernice A., Bennett Overhiser, and Clara Dean. Bennett died at the age of five months.

From Bryant we moved to Portland and it was here that Beryl H. was born. From Portland we followed my husband to Indianapolis, Indiana, where he was working in the gas fields. From there we went to Noblesville, Indiana, and it was here that our second son, Paul Francis, was born. The sixth child, Florence Marian, was born in Arcadia, Indiana where we lived until we moved to Warren, Ohio in 1908. My husband worked for my brother, Cyrus Mills, as an engineer in his hoop mill. Later he worked as an engineer for Warren Iron & Steel Company. It was in Warren, which was a thriving little city at that time, that our children grew up and where my husband passed away on March 3, 1921, at the age of fifty-eight, after a two year illness.

All my children married and have families. Bernice married Arthur Albert Pergande, an electrical engineer, and they have three daughters, Elizabeth Ann, Mary Augusta, and Bonnie Jean.

Clara married Gordon Philo Losee, an osteopathic physician, and there were two girls, Carolyn Dean and Ruth Ann, born to this union.

Beryl married John Thomas Everett Lee Hadley, an electrical engineer, and they have two sons, Robert Lee and Philip Eugene, and a daughter, Marian Louise.

Paul, who is an osteopathic physician, married Elsie Parker and they have two children, Gordon Paul and Linda Joyce.

Marian, the youngest child, married Dr. George J. Stewart who is a physician and surgeon and they are the parents of four children, George Jr., Donald, Marilyn and Jackie.

After my husband's death we continued to live in Warren until the two younger children, Paul and Marian, decided they wanted to change. They were the only ones left at home so we broke up our home and I found employment and I lived among my children. When they felt that I should give up working I went to Cleveland and through the invitation of Bernice, my eldest daughter, I made my permanent home with them but spent some time with other members of the family.

My son, Paul, and son-in-law, Dr. Gordon Losee, served their country in the first World War. In World War II, three of my grandchildren were in the services; Robert Lee Hadley was an officer in the Field Artillery which took him to Hawaii and then to Japan, Carolyn Losee served in the Waves in this country, and Mary Pergande served in the American

Red Cross Recreation Division which took her to England, France and Germany. Philip Hadley is serving in Korea at this time, and George Stewart Jr. has enlisted in the Navy.

Written in the fall of 1951.

Elizabeth Genevra Mills Bonham passed away on December 20, 1952, at the age of eighty-five. She was keen and had a fine sense of humor up until the last.

WENDELL WORTH ROBERT STUART MILLS
(As related by himself)

I was born at Union City, Indiana, on May 24, 1869, the fourth child and second son of Pulaski and Agnes Bennett Mills. After Father's and Mother's death, Uncle Cyrus Mills took me to Cleveland, Ohio on June 5, 1875. We lived in Collamer which is now East Cleveland.

Uncle Cyrus was a truck gardener, peddling his produce on the old Ontario Street Market in Cleveland. He was also maintenance supervisor of the old "plank" road which ran from Lakeview Cemetery east to Euclid Avenue.

Uncle Cyrus kept me until September, 1879, and then he put me in the Orphan Home that was located on West Detroit Street in Cleveland. On Good Friday of 1880 I was taken from the Home by Mrs. Samuel Elliott to a farm seven miles east of Ravenna, Ohio. I remained there until August 6, 1886. I then went to Galion, Ohio, where I entered the first year of high school which, incidentally, was my last year in school.

I think it is noteworthy to say here that Uncle Cyrus died friendless and alone when he was quite old. I did not know it until later but when I was a pastor in Decatur, Indiana, Uncle Cyrus tried to find me but he was suffering from loss of memory and was found wandering the streets of Decatur. The sheriff had put him in jail just to protect him from the cold and it was there that he died. After his burial I found out about it.

In July, 1887, I went back to live with my sister, Florence, at Portland, Indiana. After rather hectic experiences at various jobs, I finally landed in Elkhart, Indiana, in the spring of 1900. I united

with the Evangelical Church there and was so very active in their work that the congregation sent me to school to study the ministry. This was in 1893.

I served one year in the Indiana Conference and then I transferred to the Ohio Conference and served various itinerant charges, notably in Mansfield, Ohio, where I organized a new congregation and built a church. I was there from 1903 until 1907.

I had several churches and the last one was in Decatur, Indiana. I gave up the ministry then and spent about twelve years as a travelling salesman.

In December of 1919 I came to Southern California where I am at this moment, September 9, 1951.

WENDELL MILLS' STORY
(Continued by Florence)

Wendell Mills was married in Dayton, Ohio, in 1894 to Jeanette M. Lorenz. They had three children:

Edgar, born May 24, 1896
Margaret Agnes, born July 17, 1898
Katherine Grace, who died in early girlhood.

Wendell and Jeanette lived together for twenty-five years, probably as amicably as most couples although not always in complete accord. But, as often happens in middle life when nerves get jangling and patience and forbearance are not up to par, their differences became so acute that he thought it best to terminate the relationship and he left for California.

In California he was engaged for a time as an agent for a transportation company, later as a salesman for a cutlery company of Findlay, Ohio. It was while he was travelling that he met Amy E. Campbell in Denver, Colorado. He was married to her on August 10, 1925, in Ogden, Utah, after receiving the final decree in divorce proceedings on December 10, 1924.

This second marriage proved to be a happy one and he and Amy lived a contented life until her death on January 10, 1951.

He now lives alone in the same apartment that he and Amy occupied for so many years at Long Beach, California. He at present is in very poor health.

AMY FRANCENA MILLS COLLETT
(Recorded by Florence)

Amy was born in Bryant, Indiana, on April 15, 1872. She was three years old at the time of Mother's and Father's death. As recorded in the main story it had been prearranged by Mother and Aurie Heywood that in case of Mother's death Aurie would take Amy. At the time we all called her "Francie" but later she got the nickname of "Birdie" and was known in the family and among her friends by that name the rest of her life.

As I have recorded in the main story she clung to me tenaciously for some time after Mother's death. I remember that she finally had to be forced to permit others to do things for her. It had to be done since she was to live with Aurie and my stay in the Worth family was not to be permanent.

Amy was a very attractive bright little girl and Aurie devoted herself to her conscientiously, as also did Aurie's mother, Aunt Sarah. So she had a good home and was spared many of the unpleasant hardships and experiences that fell to the rest of us. Aurie was a teacher and also had some income from the farm in Jay County and so was able to provide many things that were denied Birdie's brothers and sisters. They lived most of the time with the Worths in Albion which is in Noble County. They moved to this place in 1875.

It was in the year 1880 or 1881 that Aurie was married to Sam Read, a widower with a son six months older than Birdie. They settled on Aurie's farm that year, building a new house in front of the old one which by this time had fallen into ruin. It was from this place that in the spring of 1889 or 1890 the Reads sent Birdie and their son, Bertram, to Ridgeville College. I had told Mr. Read about the schol-

arship that our father had attempted to provide for his children but when Mr. Read attempted to avail himself of it he was refused.

Some time before going to college, Birdie had met Charles Collett. I think the meeting occurred at the home of Aunt Rachel. Charles was a student also at Ridgeville College so the acquaintance was reopened. However, their first meeting seemed to have been a case of love at first sight but their association at college left no doubt in their minds.

If my memory serves me right Birdie taught at least one term of school. But she and Charles were married in February, 1891. He was a teacher located in Ridgeville and they lived there for some time and it was here that Charles entered the ministry as a Free Baptist. Soon after this they went to South Wayne, Wisconsin.

Charles and Birdie and his family moved to various places beginning in the years 1903 or 1904. After serving in Sioux Falls, Iowa, they went to Hillsdale, Michigan, where he pursued further studies and served in rural churches. After receiving his degree he moved with his family to Blanchester, then to Batavia, New York, and then to Lockport, New York.

Charles was always interested in missionary work and it was either in 1919 or 1920 that they went to India where he was stationed at Karaghuhr where there was a church of Eurasians. I think they remained only a year and a half as the climate was deleterious to Charles' health. They came back to the United States and for a time they were in Buffalo, New York, and then they returned to Batavia where they stayed until Charles decided to retire. They bought a home in Hillsdale, Michigan, expecting to live there the rest of their lives but as it turned out, he was not allowed to retire but was called to serve a small church in Reading, Michigan

(Kharagpur)

which is a small town twelve miles southeast of Hillsdale. He remained in that position until his death in February, 1940.

Birdie sold the property and lived most of the time after Charles' death in small apartments until she passed away on March 11, 1951, at the age of almost seventy-nine.

But since this should be about Birdie, some attention must be paid to her activities while her husband pursued his career. Like all married women she had to give much of her time in caring for her home and family. In addition to her household duties she was always active in the work of the church and proved herself to be a competent and successful minister's wife.

For some reason she did not have the rugged health that her sisters had and she was slightly handicapped by a lame arm which was the result of a bad break when she was quite small. There had been a "barn raising" on a Saturday and she was playing somewhere among the framework. This happened on Sunday morning and since she had fallen in such a way that the bones in the elbow of her right arm were practically crushed, it was felt that a doctor was needed. Audian, the Worths' son, rode to Bryant which was two miles away for the doctor. The one and only doctor there was not available so he rode three miles farther to Geneva and by the time the doctor arrived it was three o'clock in the afternoon. There were no X-rays and no anesthetic at that time so the setting of the bones must have been a most difficult task. The poor child's suffering brought tears to the eyes of all of us who witnessed it. It was, however, conceded that the doctor did a very good job. The elbow was not stiff and was always usable but it tired easily.

She was passionately devoted to her church.

She was always on the alert to do what she could to further its interests. After their return from India she was much in demand for talks on their experiences and conditions of the land that they had known.

Birdie and Charles had three children, Alfred who was born at Ridgeville, Indiana (I believe) in 1892; another son born in South Wayne, Wisconsin, but he only lived a week; and then Marion who was born in Batavia, New York, in March, 1907.

Alfred married Evelyn ~~Marquand~~ Meyer of Buffalo in 1919 or 1920. They had one son by the name of Richard. Alfred died in October, 1943, of a heart condition.

Marion married Carlton Bates of Hillsdale, Michigan. She was graduated from Hillsdale College and even though she was married and had three children she was and is, I believe, still teaching. Her children are: Dianne, born ~~December~~ November 8th, 1933, Judith Edward Reeves, born January 11, 1946; and Jeanne born July 10, ~~1947~~ or '48. They all live at present in Camden, Michigan.

EPILOGUE

And so my tale is told. It is mostly, or meant to be, the story of the five little orphaned Millses and how they grew. There is nothing remarkable in the story or stories except that in spite of handicaps and without the wise guidance that they might have had, had their parents lived, they all grew up to be respectable citizens. They met their responsibilities creditably and all lived to past eighty years of age except Amy who died just before reaching her seventy-ninth birthday.

That they all managed to achieve some education may be to a degree unusual in a family so bereft. I have come to the conclusion that they were what I call "well born". There is not a "blue corpuscle" in the whole outfit but there are plenty of good red ones. They were endowed with tough physical fibers, stable nervous systems and good minds as their teachers testified.

What talents they had that could have been developed under different circumstances will never be known. What they could have made of themselves if, along with their many other gifts, they had had the industry, the determination, the singleness of purpose necessary to success, that, of course, cannot be told either. Cyrus had the making of a comedian, Wendell was achieving success as a preacher when, because of his unhappy domestic situation, he withdrew from his position and prospects. My own abortive attempt at a literary career has already been recorded and what ambitions Birdie and Nev entertained, I haven't heard them mention.

As I said in the beginning, the Millses have remained mute and inglorious. They were not born great, have not achieved greatness nor had it thrust upon them but, as they go to their graves unhonored

and unsung, they do go with the respect and liking, I think, granted to the ordinary good citizen in the communities in which they lived.